

ALL NEW STORIES AND ART! PLUS **COLOR!**



JULY 1951A

PLUS
"JENIFER"
THE LOVE STORY
OF A MONSTER
AND
MAGIC VERSUS
SCIENCE IN
"DEMON IN
THE COCKPIT"

DETAILS: SEE PAGE 69 FOR DISPLAY ALLOWANCE PLAN

ALL JOHN HE REKIDS!
OL' UNCLE CREEPY WAS
JUST IN THE MIST OF TURNING
OVER A NEW LEAF, AS YOU
CAN SEE, I GOT A BIT DARNED
AWAY! AND SO WILL YOU WHEN
YOU SEE THE GHOULISH
GODDIES I'M OFFERING UP
THIS MONTH! BUT DON'T
TAKE MY WORD, RUN
ON AND READ 'EM
YOURSELF!



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CREEPY

CONTENTS

**ISSUE NO. 63
JULY 1974**

4

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY Some stories seem to spur rabid reader reaction, both pro and con! "Encore Ghastly" and "The Hero Within" prompt comment this ish!

6

CREEPY'S CATACOMBS The latest laborer in the CREEPY vineyard to have his biography laid upon you is *Vincente Alcazar*. In addition, some notes on the *Shazam Awards*.

7

JENIFER Out in the deep woods, an ax is raised to kill this strange, pitiful girl. But when Jim saves her, it eventually costs him his family, his sanity, and much, much more!

17

A TOUCH OF TERROR There are thousands of them and they lurk and wait in the most insidiously innocent of disguises... Wait to rip, tear, and rend *all* mortal flesh!

29

GHOST OF A CHANCE It's said a fortune lies hidden in the grim, haunting confines of Ländler mansion! Also waiting is the owner's ghost... Plus a horrifying curse!

35

DEMON IN THE COCKPIT Can science and black magic exist together... Or must they constantly war? For one viewpoint, have a look at our cataclysmic color insert!

43

FISH BAIT What began as a pleasure cruise swiftly becomes a journey into nightmare when shipwreck survivors must duel man-eating sharks, each other, and... the unknown!

53

THE CLONE Dr. Grant Deighton lies in his hospital bed, knowing vengeful death stalks him! The very creation responsible for his survival now comes to brutally *slay* him!

CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10018



"The most perfect cover Sanjulian has painted!"

I just about made a big mistake! I was going to write in and say I'm tired of Sanjulian painting his best for EERIE.

I wish to apologize to Sanjulian. When I pulled out CREEPY #61, my mind was stunned. I saw the most perfect cover Sanjulian has ever painted for CREEPY!

I wrote a letter last month for issue #60 and said Rich Corben's art was the best I'd ever seen him do. Well, he showed me not to speak too soon by putting out "Terror Tomb." It had to be his very best of all. Or was it? I'm certainly going to be sticking around to find out!

MARK SCHABLE
Kekland, Wash.

In issue #61 the Cadillac referred to on page 22 is not one at all. On the preceding page you can clearly see the thugs' car is actually a Rolls Royce.

NORMAN ASKEW
Binghamton, N.Y.

The quality of your stories has been falling off late. The one called "Stranger in Eternity" was hard to follow, but Adolfo Abeilana's art has improved over earlier efforts. "Advent of the Scrap-Heap" was pretty tremendous, but seemed very similar to one from a Kull magazine.

"The Ghoul's" story line kept me puzzling, but Martin Salvador's art wasn't up to its usual superb level. Rich Corben's art and color in "Terror Tomb" was fantastic but the story just didn't make it. I guess it's just about impossible to do an original mummy tale.

Stories like "The Blood-Red Motorbike" I've read before. Luckily, "Twisted Medicine" was a real psychological masterpiece. As for "Encore Ghastly," why do you keep Tom Sutton around?

TERRY SHORT
Stamp, Ark.

I keep him around because our Venus Fly-Traps drop when he's away. Terry, Red, some fans have OTHER reasons. And I wish space limitations hadn't forced us to cut out of your letter. But we've taken all your suggestions to heart.

I'm both happy and sad to see Archie Goodwin back at the helm of CREEPY. Happy because Goodwin knows how to plot, write, and, with the artist break-down a story. Happy because Goodwin can pack a lot of punch in his Warren mags.

Yet I'm sad too. T. Casey Brennan's back with his realistic stories, which, besides being really years outdated, tend to get boring. Sad because Archie always used 8 to 10 pages per story, whereas Bill Oakley knew that his readers didn't want 8 or 10 page stories. He knew his readers wanted good stories, whether they were ten pages or thirty pages long! Sad because Archie Goodwin has been out of the Warren world so long and may not be aware of the changing desires of a Warren fan.

The most disappointing issue of CREEPY in the three years I've been a Warren fan is CREEPY #61. Yet I'm willing to give Archie a chance to stop "formulating" stories and squeezing them into 8 or 10 pages, as well as reinstate the use of surrealistic yarns like the like of "Stranger in Eternity."

Yes, Unc, Archie still does have that talent as editor. But it hasn't been used in a Warren magazine for a few years. Let's wait awhile and see how he does once he gets back into the fold.

STEVEN SCHEIBNER
Jackson Heights, NY

Which may be more than a punk like Goodwin deserves. Steve (When you're MY age, almost anyone—except EERIE—seems like a punk). But don't be TOO sad, both Our-Ray AND me are going to be watching to be SURE he does it right!

There were only three stories in that issue which showed the old-time great taste that CREEPY used to have.

Tom Sutton's "Encore Ghastly" was fantastic! I've always loved Tom's style in writing and art. Gave us more of Sutton's stuff, he's a master! Also, Carl Wessler and Martin Salvador's "The Ghoul" was truly terrific. And of course I couldn't leave out the comic art genius, Rich Corben, or his "Terror Tomb" with its black humor. Keep up that "old time" good horror taste Unc!

MICHAEL O'CONNELL
Niles, Ohio

If you keep reading 'em, Mike, we keep right on shoveling them up for you!

For a while, I thought that your magazines were going to go down the drain. But in CREEPY #61 and VAMPIRE-LA #33, I found a great improvement.

Please keep Rich Corben. He's terrific. I heartily agree with Sam Stephen Elbert who suggested you should have a CREEPY color special issue with nothing but Corben art and stories.

Frank Fraazetta, Sanjulian, and Enrich are my favorite cover artists.

There is still one thing which bothers me though. Please cut down the ads to about 8 pages instead of the usual 14 or 15 pages. If you do this I'm sure you will get more readers.

VICTOR SHARP
Lake City, Tenn.

We try to hold the ads to a minimum, Victor, but I'm afraid that, like ME, they're a necessary evil.

CREEPY #61 was a very weird and strange issue. And when I saw Sanjulian's cover, I knew I was going to fall for it.

Every story had a rare and eccentric theme to it. "A Stranger in Eternity" presents a weird journey and an unfortunate ending. "Advent of the Scrap-Heap," which was my favorite, was an interesting variation on an over-used theme. Jose Gaul depicted the metallic, mostrosity beautifully. From Tom Sutton's tale about EC's Ghastly Graham Angels to Jose Bea's morbidly comic-alive, this was a frightfully enjoyable issue.

And who but Richard Corben could come up with an enthusiastic and bumbling mummy? Well-endowed Sandy made old Khartaka come alive! This issue of CREEPY is testimony that your quality is up and well climbing.

BRIAN PRESCOTT
West Springfield, Mass.

I have been with your magazine for a while now, and I would just like to say that it is an interesting switch from conventional magazines that I have been reading.

Rich Corben's art of "The Hero Within" was his absolute best! And Steve Skeates outdid himself writing the story. You should have more work by Eabanan Maroto, because I feel he is a master of pen and ink.

Another of your artists who seems deserving of credit for his consistently excellent artwork is Jose Bea. I hope to see a color section of his soon.

MICHAEL P. POCHMARA
Allen Park, Mich.



Comparing to more time reader comments: CREEPY #60's "The Hero Within" from the team of Skeates and Corben.

"More of Sutton's great stuff!"

Why in the world was "Stranger in Eternity" not published in *ELITE*? Its predecessor was. And why *Adelphi Apellian*? He is not one of your better artists, and he was pathetically imitating his superior *Esteban Maroto*. The story itself wasn't so great, but you could have improved it vastly with *Maroto's* help.

"The Ghosts" was disgusting! I don't dig graverobber tales in the first place and this one was (1) difficult to grasp, especially the details because of the transparent writing; (2) an old-hat plot; (3) not superlily illustrated; and (4) wic, that ending was much too yecch! I like your more subtle style of terror.

"The Blood-colored Motor Bike" had good possibilities, especially with such a good title. *Jose Bea's* artwork was good, but the story was grossly formulated EC 50s style. So you blew that one. *Bea*, stick to art.

"Terror Tomb" had fantastic art, which is average for *Corben*. I'm not sure about the use of humor in the story. Half of me keeps saying "This is a horror mag! Cut the absurdity!" However, "Terror Tomb" was the best piece of the issue.

"Twisted Medicine" was the worst story and that's pretty low. *Leo Summer's* art was below average, and the story was confusing. You kept changing cultures, for one thing. I just didn't get it.

"Encore Ghastly" was just so-so. It too stank (not smacked, not even smelled, but stank) of the old EC formula: be "bad," get punished gruesomely. *Tom Sutton's* art is unusual. His body positions and hands are appealing, even if his faces are grossly satirical (satire or lack of talent?) I'd lean toward the former. Last, but very definitely not least, *Sanjivan's* cover. He surpassed *Frank Frazetta*. His work is really something special in the field of cover art.

All in all, #61 was not one of your better issues. Get going. Us fans will supply the (constructive) criticism.

ERIC APPELBAUM
Tapeks, Kans.

Glad we had that *Sanjivan* cover, Eric, otherwise, just about EVERYONE in the dungeon would be in tears. And this place is damp enough already!

The plethora of clever "inside" jokes in the *Tom Sutton* tale "Encore Ghastly" made pleasant and familiar reading for this EC fan.

MAKO SANO
Daly City, Calif

"The Hero Within" in *CREEP* #460 is a horrible story. It is also the finest best-written best-illustrated, most all-around high quality story I've ever read in any Warren magazine. It left me stunned, and all of this without a single supernatural aspect.

Steve Skeates and **Rich Corben**: Congratulations on a true masterpiece! It is unusual to see children portrayed even half-way realistically in a comic magazine. But here we see a writer and artist illustrating magnificently how fantasy can completely rule the mind of a schizophrenic or autistic child. *Mr. Skeates* seems to be extending this to suggest that fantasy may help such a child to cope with the world in more than one way. Within the fantasy, Lucien was able to protect himself from the vicious dog, but without it, his terror rendered him helpless.

In the past, *Rich Corben* has had a tendency to draw caricatures rather than characters, but this was much less evident in "The Hero Within." And you could almost taste and smell the rich colors, with the light and shadow effects, the stories and plans simply coming alive. Fantastic! I have never seen a better job.

Lucien's destruction is pathetic, his death gruesome. And mental illness in children is always frightening and depressing. There is no supernatural element that the reader can use to break the story's spell with a comforting thought. The story is not about science-fiction, its more-or-less heroic fantasy elements are presented as just that, fantasy.

The story is too real. We all know that unwanted children and wretched foster homes have always existed. There is little about Lucien's story to disbelieve. But it is interesting to read about a mentally ill person who is not a murdering psychopath, as most insane people in horror media are. *Mr. Skeates* showed that a mentally ill person most of all harms himself, by his inability to cope.

So don't listen to criticism. You've got a great story! And I'll wager that any non-constructive criticism you get will come from people who were really pretty shaken and won't admit it. I can think off-hand of several adults who enjoy horror media to whom I would not recommend this story.

I wish I could be so enthusiastic about the rest of the issue, but the other four stories just weren't up to par.

DAILE NICHOLSON
Acton, Maine

Next Issue:



DOUBLE THE CHILLS! DOUBLE THE COLOR!

CREEPY #64 will feature not ONE, but TWO vivid color tales! *Doug Mennoch* and *Esteban Maroto's* "Meteor" Plus *Jim Steranko* and *Rich Corben's* "An Angel out of Hell!" A special Summer Bonus from *Udo Udo*!



Would You Write a Letter to This Man?

He'd love to get them! Why not take a chance on a 300 year old creep? Write! Send letters to:

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
c/o Warren Publishing Co
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



CREEPY'S CATACOMBS

A HAUNTED HISTORY OF
VINCENTE ALCAZAR
THE OFFICER-TURNED ARTIST



land. After putting in the requisite of several years as a starving, struggling artist, Vicente got his first job illustrating war comics for Fleetway. And, he admits, "when I had killed the entire Axis army single handedly many times over, I knew it was time to change."

So it was he began working on magazines like *THE SAINT*, *STAR TREK*, and others. Additionally, he did illustrations for science fiction books.

Looking to diversify, Vicente headed for France where he drew comics about espionage and spies. But still he wasn't completely satisfied. So he grabbed his portfolio and made for New York. There, he showed his work to Bill DeBaryshe, Vicente notes. "I told me that I would have a beautiful future as a bus driver. Undaunted, however, Vicente became a part of the Warren staff, and now draws for the CREEPY magazine regularly.

His words to many admirers? "My only wish is that you like my work. I love you all."

Vicente Alcázar is a dedicated professional. Although he lives in the treacherous wilds of Maracibo, Venezuela, Vicente actually flies to the even more treacherous wilds of New York City to deliver each and every job he does for Warren Publishing.

But Vicente is used to traveling. He was born in Madrid, Spain, in the tumultuous year of 1944. And at the age of 14, he remembers following the family tradition "I was sent to Military School." And Vicente was well on his way to being a full-fledged Naval officer. But after a year of training, the once-and-future artist left the armed forces to study art in En-



**CORBEN, GOODWIN, PLOOG, STARLIN,
WEIN, WOOD, AND WRIGHTSON
WHAT DO THEY HAVE IN COMMON?**

Obviously, they're not a new rock group set to out-do Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. If you're a comics fan, you no doubt recognize them as some of the top artists and writers in the field. If you're a **WARREN** comic fan, you've no doubt guessed why they're doing the work for us, or are about to. But if you've given another common bond All of them are **SALAZAR AWARDS** recipients. These are given each year by the Academy of Comic Book Arts, an organization of professionals like Martin, Vertne, and Academy, which honors, not Decade.

The awards cover many different categories, such as Best Penciler (which Mike Figg and Berni Wrightson are nominated for), Best Writer (Archie Goodwin and Len Wein), Superior Achievement (Rich Carben), Outstanding New Talent (Jim Starlin), and Hall of Fame (Wally Wood). Spice doesn't really permit listing all the categories, or all the nominees. But when the final winners are chosen, we'll try to give you a complete rundown.

After all, just as the six gentlemen listed above have something in common, we feel we have something in common with the Academy. A sincere interest in the best. They're trying to pick the best for a given year, we're trying to produce the best year after year.

1974
NEW YORK
COMIC ART
CONVENTION
The World's Biggest
Comic Art Convention



**July
4, 5,
6, 7, 8
Hotel
Commodore
Park Ave.
& 42nd St.
New York
City**

NOW THAT I UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS,
THAT THERE WAS A DEFINITE POWWOW TO IT ALL...
IT ONLY ALARMS ME SURFACE THAT MUCH MORE
HORRIFYING

I NEVER WAGINED IN MY WILDEST DREAMS
THERE WAS ANY **AMTUNGO** TO THE
CHAIN OF EVENTS LEADING TO MY
FINAL PARTING WITH HER. IT WAS
ALL SO **SWIFTE**.

EVEN THAT DAY IN THE WOODS,
MONTHS AGO, WHEN MY HUNTING
TRIP WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE
SOFT, PLANTIVE **SOOMING**
SOUNDS... EVEN THAT SEEMED
INNOCENT OF DESIGN.

THAT WAS THE DAY I FIRST
SAW HER FACE, FIRST
LOOKED INTO HER EYES,
FIRST HEARD HER NAME...

DEAR
GOD!

TENIFER

WRIGHTSON





THE GIRL
TO EITHER SEE
IF SHE'S ALL RIGHT
**GOD IN
HEAVEN!**



I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
SO HORRIBLE!



DEFORMED
OR NOT, NO
CREATURE
DESERVES THIS

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?
DID HE HURT
YOU?



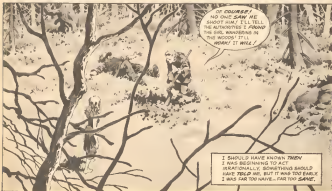
DOESN'T UNDERSTAND A
WORD I SAY. OBVIOUSLY
RETARDED. I'D BETTER
GET HER TO THE
AD PRACTICES.

BUT WHAT
ABOUT
NOW?



I'VE TAKEN A LIFE! EVEN IF I'VE CLEARED
IN COURT... WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS
GET HOLD OF THIS, IT'LL BE A SCANDAL!
MY BUSINESS WILL BE RUINED!

OR IS THERE
ANOTHER
WAY?



OF COURSE!
NO ONE SAW HE
SHOOT HIM! I'LL TELL
THE AUTHORITIES I FOUND
THE GIRL HANGING IN
THE WOODS! IT'LL
WORK! IT WILL!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEN
I WAS BEGINNING TO ACT
IRRATIONALLY. SOMETHING SHOULD
HAVE TOLD ME, BUT IT WAS TOO EARLY.
I WAS FAR TOO NAIVE... FAR TOO SANE.

THE AUTHORITIES DON'T BELIEVE ME AND NO TRACE OF THE GIRL'S PARENTS OR NEXT OF KIN COULD BE FOUND. IT WAS ONLY AFTER THE JUDGE HAD ANNOUNCED HIS PLANS TO PLACE JENIFER IN AN INSTITUTION THAT I FIRST MET HER. EYES UPON ME—THOSE BLACK, HIDEOUSLY COMPELLING EYES...



WANT YOUR WIFE? PLEASE... I... I'D LIKE TO APPLY FOR PAPERS TO ADOPT THE GIRL.



YOU WANT TO (CHUCKLE) ADOPT HER?

I FORCED MYSELF INTO BELIEVING HAVING AND THE CHILDREN WOULD UNDERSTAND. THERE WAS NO WAY OF SOFTENING THE BLOW.



HARGE—LIES. THIS IS TERRIBLE. SHE'S GOING TO LIVE WITH US!

JEN—GOOD LORD!

WOW! I'M SHOCKED!

THE NEXT FIVE WEEKS WERE A LIVING HELL FOR ALL OF US. EVEN JENIFER—DRAUGHTS THE HORRORS DIED—DROVE THE ACID ON HER FACE.



TAKEN EAT YOUR SUPPER

I CAN'T! NOT WHILE SHE'S SITTING ACROSS FROM ME!



JEN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY OF HER! I DON'T WANT TO SEEM HEARTLESS, BUT SHE'S TEARING APART THE FAMILY!

WHAT CAN I DO FOR GOD'S SAKE? SHE THREATS ME! IT WOULD KILL HER!

BUT IT WAS KILLING ALL OF US. SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, OUR LIVES BECAME AN ENDLESS NIGHTMARE WITH THE STAIN OF JENIFER'S PRESENCE.



SHHHHHH

WHAT IS—



SHE SHIP ME! THE LITTLE BITTEN BIT ME!

FOR LITTLE HANDED I YOU DON'T KNOW LITTLE WRITEN

MY NIGHTS BECAME ACCIDED WITH ANGRYMAN. I
LOST WEIGHT, GREW HAIRLESS

I WISH IT
WAS TRUE. DAD,
EVERY YOU GET RID OF
HER OR I'M TAKING
THE CHILDREN
OUT OF HERE

MADGE,
PLEASE!

I TRIED TO FIND ANOTHER HOME FOR JENIFER. I REALLY
TRIED! BUT HALFWAY TO THE INSTITUTION, SHE'D BEGIN
THAT ANGRY SILENT PLEADING, THOSE BULBOUS
PROTRUSIONS THAT WERE HER EYES WOULD PULL, AND
TEARS WOULD START DOWN HER DISTORTED CHEEKS...

JENIFER...
DEAR GOD...

WELL?

I. THEY
WERE OVER-
CRANKED. I'LL
TRY AGAIN
TOMORROW!

BUT THE TOMORROW STRETCHED INTO WEEKS, THE
WEEKS INTO MONTHS. MADGE AND I WERE BAILEY
SUBSISTING. THE PRESSURE WAS UNBEARABLE.
THE CHAIR WAS ABOUT TO JUMP...

IF I JUST HAD
THE STRENGTH...
IF I COULD GET
RID OF HER WITH-
OUT LOOKING AT
HER...

OH,
LORD!

DAD!
WHAT IS
IT?!

MADGE,
STAY BACK...
DON'T
LOOK!

WO...
WO...
OH, GOD
NO! (GROANS)

THERE WAS NO POINT IN ASKING
BUDGE TO REMIND ME... NO POW!
EVEN ALARMING, SO I DIDN'T
STOP...



YOU LITTLE
NURSE, YOU'LL
PAY FOR THIS, I
SWEAR! I'LL GET
REVENGE ON YOU
SOMEDAY!



BUT I CAN'T GET UP OF HER. I
COULDN'T. EVERYTIME I TRIED,
EVERYTIME I THREATENED, SHE'D
LOOK UP AT ME WITH THOSE EYES.
THEN ONE NIGHT THE SITUATION
APPROACHED MADNESS. THE
NIGHT SHE CAME TO MY BED...

WHA--
WHAT IS IT?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

WHERE DID
YOU GET THAT
NIGHT GOWN?
ON MY
GOD!



THAT'S
ONE OF
MADNESS'S SONGS!
YOU STOLE IT!
NOW GET AWAY
FROM ME! GET
AWAY!



PLEASE,
NO!
PLEASE!



LORD!
HELP ME...
HELP ME...



—HELP
ME—



I **BOOED** THE CARRY-ON MANAGER IN A DESERTED FIELD AND SOLD MY BUSINESS AND THE HOUSE THE NEXT WEEK. JENIVER AND I HIT THE ROAD, NOT BOTHERING TO CARRY A GUN, RUNNING WIMPILY FROM CONSTANTLY PURSUING MENACE-DEES. LIFE BUT A SUCCESSION OF SNOOZY MOTEL ROOMS...

JENIVER PLEASE! NOT TONIGHT...

WE FOUND AN ABANDONED FARM HOUSE. I HIT THE BOTTLE, FORGOT ABOUT WORK, EXISTENCE WAS A BLURRED MONTAGE OF CRAZY, WACKY, JENIVER'S SLOBBERING LAHS AND CLINGING TALENS, AND LONG, SLOWLY AWAKES AT NIGHT WHEN SHE'D MERCIFULLY SLEEP AND LEAVE ME ALONE.

I'LL ASK AGAIN.
YES, IT'S THE ONLY ANSWER...

BUT EVEN IN HER SLEEPS, JENIVER KEPT HER STRANGE, UNEXPLAINABLE HOLD ON ME, AND EACH NIGHT AFTER MY WALK, I'D FIND A NEW SUPPLY OF ROT BUT MYSTEROUSLY WAITING FOR MY ARTERY SHE KEPT ME DANKLING ON A SLENDER THREAD OF ALCOHOL...

A PAPER MAYBE I CAN FIND WORK...
PULL MYSELF TOGETHER...

CHILD MISSING
POLICE FEAR KIDNAP

OH LORD...
DON'T LET IT BE...

DON'T LET IT BE!



JENIFER!
JENIFER!
WHERE
ARE YOU?



I KNOW
YOU'RE HERE!
YOU CAN'T HIDE
FROM ME!

...THERE...
THE CELLAR
DOOR'S
AHEAD...



OH,
DEAR
GOD...!



WHAT FOLLOWED WAS
LIKE A DREAM. I
REMEMBER RUNNING
ALONG ARCHITECTURALLY
THROUGH ALLEYS AND
BACK LOTS HEAVY
WITH EVENING
SHADOWS... MY MIND
CONVULSED WITH THE
SINGLE DRIVING
DESIRE TO DESTROY
JENIFER.



I REMEMBER
JUMPING THE
BARRIERS,
GAMING THE
HEAVY OBJECT
WITHIN THE STORE
WINDOW...



I REMEMBER TURNING
THERE ON THE STREET,
DOWNGRADED TO SEE
JENIFER RIGHT BEHIND
ME... STARRING AT
ME... STARRING...



STARRING...

THEN SOMEHOW WE WERE IN THE WOODS, FAR AWAY FROM OUR HOUSE, FROM ANY HOUSE, AND I WAS TRYING JENIFER'S HANDS...



AND I JUST SAID THESE QUIETLY, NOTHING STIRRING. I STARED AT JENIFER AND SHE STALLED BACK, FOR MOMENTS, UNTIL I HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS...



IT WAS THEN I REALIZED HER FULL POWER, HER FULL DEVASTATING POTENTIAL...



I TRIED TO SOOEN MY THOUGHT WOULDNT WORK, I CHANGED ON MY THOUGHT...

JENIFER, PLEASE! PLEASE!

DON'T MAKE ME...



PLEASE!!!

HEY! WAIT!



THERE WAS NO WAY TO EXPLAIN... NO TIME TO EXPLAIN... BARELY THE STRENGTH TO utter a feeble NOHOWING AS HER POWER FADED AND MYST CLOSED IN FOR EVER...

JENIFER...



The End

A NIGHT WATCHMAN
MAKES HIS ROUNDS.



HIS THIN, PALE BEAM OF LIGHT
MOVES ACROSS INK-BLACK
SHADOWS... CUTS THE THICK
SHROUD OF SLOOM LIKE A SILKY,
WHITE SPEAR.

THEN A SOUND.



THE SHATTERING CRASH
IS FLEETING; AN
ENDLESS ETERNITY
PASSES WHILE THE
WATCHMAN WAITS...LISTENS.

THERE IS ONLY SILENCE
...SAVE FOR THE
FRANETIC BEATING OF
HIS OWN FRANTIC
HEART.



...RANK UPON RANK
OF MUTE TOYS
GREET HIM IN THE
DARKNESS.



THE MAN GASPS...
A SHARP BREATH
HARSHLY EXHALED IN
NAKED FEAR.



A TOUCH OF TERROR

STORY: RICH MARGOPOULOS / ART: ADOLFO ABELLAN



MR. GROGUN?
THIS IS STARR'S
DEPARTMENT
STORE.

WE'VE HAD
SOME TROUBLE!
CAN YOU COME
DOWN RIGHT
AWAY?



THERE'S BEEN
AN ACCIDENT.



IT'S THE
MAN YOU
SENT US.

HE'S DEAD.



HOW
DID THIS
HAPPEN?

HIS BODY'S BEEN
PULLED APART. HALF-
EATEN! OFF-WHARD
I'D SAY IT WAS THE
WORK OF ANIMALS!

MAYBE IT
WAS RATS!

HUNGRY
RATS!



ROBERT!
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

DAD!
IT... IT'S
HORRIBLE!

ONE OF MR.
GROGUN'S GUARDS
HAS BEEN KILLED.



SO YOU'RE GROGUN, HUH?
YOU'RE THE CON MAN WHO
CONVINCED ROBERT HERE
THAT WE NEEDED
"PROTECTION"?

NOW LOOK WHAT'S
HAPPENED BECAUSE OF
YOUR MEDDLING, GROGUN!
A MAN IS DEAD!



DAD, PLEASE
DON'T GET
YOURSELF
SO WORKED
UP! REMEMBER
YOUR HEART!

HANG MY
HEART! YOU
HIRED GROGUN
AND HIS MEN
WITHOUT MY
KNOWLEDGE
OR CONSENT!

WE DON'T NEED
NIGHT WATCHMEN
ON THESE
PREMISES! I
WANT GROGUN
OUT!



NOW LOOK, MISTER STARR!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR
REASONS ARE FOR NOT
WANTING ME OR MY MEN
TO PROTECT YOUR STORE,
NOR DO I CARE.

BUT I DO KNOW
THAT ONE OF MY MEN
WAS MURDERED
HERE LAST NIGHT! A
GOOD MAN!



AND WHETHER YOU
WANT ME HERE OR
NOT, I'M NOT
LEAVING UNTIL I
FIND THE PERSON
WHO KILLED HIM!





"MY MAJOR WAS BIO-CHEMISTRY AT COLUMBIA." I MARRIED A STUNNING, LITTLE PRINCESS NAMED JANE STARR. SHORTLY AFTER GRADUATION I ENDED UP HERE."



"EVEN THOUGH I MADE VICE-PRESIDENT IN NO TIME FLAT, MY MAIN LOVE WAS WITH JUGGLING TEST TUBES!"



"WITH STAKES MONEY AND MY TALENT WE SOON DEVELOPED A REVOLUTIONARY NEW PLASTIC. ONE THAT FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES WAS VIRTUALLY INDestructible."

"JANE'S FATHER DECIDED TO BRANOV OUT... BUILD A TOY COMPANY! IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE OUR UNBREAKABLE PRODUCTS CAPTURED THE MARKET."



"YOU'RE PROBABLY NOTICED SOME OF THEM ON THE FLOOR!"



"NYMATOIDS. WE CALL THEM REAL SINISTER-SOUNDING NAME. THE KIDS GO FOR IT LIKE CRAZY."

YOUR MIND'S NOT ON MY LIFE-STORY! BUT THAT'S UNDERSTANDABLE!



I'M SORRY BOB! I WAS JUST THINKING HOW TO TELL THE GUARD'S WIFE THAT HER HUSBAND IS DEAD!



WELL, I'D BETTER GET IT OVER WITH.



I'LL BE BACK BEFORE CLOSING TIME! TONIGHT I GUARD THIS STORE PERSONALLY!

THAT NIGHT...

WATER THIS *ISN'T* SUCH A GOOD IDEA, MR. GROGUN? SURE YOU STILL WANT TO GO THRU WITH IT?

TURN THE KEY AND GO HOME! MY SS'S ALL THE COMPANY I NEED!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, GROGUN! IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!



THE HEAVY-GAUGE METAL LOCK CLICKS SWIT WITH A SOUND OF SOLEMN FINALITY!

FROM THIS MOMENT ON FRANK GROGUN IS STUCK IN THE STORE!

OH, MAN! NEVER REALIZED HOW BIG THE PLACE IS! BIG AND EMPTY!

ALL DARK AND QUIET... HUSHED LIKE A TOMB! I'D SWEAR THOSE AISLES LOOK MORE AND MORE LIKE GRAVE-MARKERS!

TA-KLICK!



HELLO, GROGUN... YOU POOR, PITIFULLY INCOMPETENT FOOL!

BETTER GET THAT OUT! I'M GETTING ANGRY! NEXT I'LL BE IMAGINING THINGS... AND MY NERVES'LL BE SHOT TO HELL!

IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T GET JEFF OUT OF MY MIND! HIS BODY ALL BITTEN AND HACKED TO BLOODY PIECES...

BEEN AT IT FOR HOURS! QUARTER AFTER THREE... AND NOT A CREATURE IS STIRRING...

...NOT EVEN A MOUSE!



YOU PROVED YOURSELF A THREAT TO ME, GROSUN!

YOU FOOLISH, INEPT IDOT!

I ASHORE-- TOTALLY DESPISE-- COMPETITION IN ANY FORM!

COULD BE ANYTHING WILL HAPPEN... NEVER CAN TELL THOUGH... TELL IT'S TOO LATE!

ONLY ONE SMOKE LEFT? LOOKS LIKE I'M IN FOR A WEEKEND LONG ARBAT!

BA-THUMP! THUD!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING FELL OVER IN THE TOP DEPARTMENT! DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS...

...BUT IF THIS WAS IN A MOVIE...

...THAT WOULD BE MY CUE!

WHAT THOUGHTS SWIRL INSIDE A MAN AS HE CONFRONTS HIS FATE? THERE IS ONLY ONE THOUGHT! *SURVIVAL!* AND IF ANY MAN REVELS IN THE URGE TO EXIST... FRANK GROSUN IS *THAT* MAN!



ROBERT IS SLOW AND STUPID LIKE YOU, GROGUN!

EVEN AT THIS LATE DATE IN MY IMPETUOUS BID FOR POWER, HE DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT I CAN CONTROL HIS PLASTIC!



TOYS... MONSTROUS DOLLS... LEAVE THEIR PROMISE PLACES... ANIMATED BY INNER, FERAL FURY!



I CAN MAKE THE PLASTIC DO WHAT I WANT!

I CAN MAKE IT COME TO LIFE!



LIKE BEASTS OF PREY, THEY TRACK THEIR GUN-ARY...



AND A LONE WARRIOR RISES... ABANDONS HIS COVER... AND JOINS THE CHASE!



I'VE DEVOTED MY NIGHTS TO PATIENT MENTAL CONCENTRATION... TRAINING MY LITTLE PETS... GIVING THEM ORDERS!

THEN ROBERT HIRED YOU WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE... ALMOST UPSET MY WELL-LAID PLANS!

I HAD TO DEAL WITH YOU, GROGUN! DEAL WITH YOU FAST!

STALKING... FOLLOWING... THE
TOWERING FIGURE OF FRANK
GROGUN...



ALL THE OLD VALUES...
CHANGING SO RAPIDLY!
BEING OLD IS LIKE BEING
LOST! IT HURTS NOT TO
RECOGNIZE THE OLD
WORLD.

BUT I WILL SAVE
THEM... RETURN
THEM TO THEIR
PROPER
PLACES! I
CAN! I
MUST!



...JOINED BY NUMBERLESS
OTHERS OF ITS KIND!



IT IS YOU, MY
TINY AND
UNTHINKING
CREATION... WHO
WILL BE OUR
COLLECTIVE
SAVOUR!

MILLIONS OF
YOU HAVE BEEN
SCATTERED
THROUGHOUT THE
NATION! THERE
ISN'T A
HOUSEHOLD
IN ANY TOWN
WITHOUT A
NIMATCHO!

AND AT MY PRECISE
COMMAND... EVERY ONE
SHALL RISE UP AND
DESTROY THOSE WHO
WIELD THE REINS OF
POWER!



THE COUNTRY IS
BEING DESTROYED
WITH DRUGS,
RIOTS AND LEGAL
ABORTION!

BUT I CAN OVERTHROW
OUR CORRUPT
GOVERNMENT! I CAN
RESTORE THE MORAL
LEADERSHIP WE
NEED!

GIVE ME A SIGN,
ALMIGHTY GOD!
BLESS ME... AND
THIS MIRACLE WILL
BE DONE TONIGHT!



TONIGHT!
YES!
TONIGHT!!

THEN...A SOUND! THE SOUND OF A HUNDRED PADDED FOOTFALLS FORCED FRANK GROSUN TO TURN...TO MEET THE MENACE AT HIS BACK!



BUT THE TUMBLING SEA OF DEVIL-DOLLS HAS SILENTLY ENFERED AROUND THE MAN, ENCLOSED HIM, SURROUNDED HIM...CUT HIM OFF COMPLETELY FROM ANY ESCAPE!



AND WHEN FLIGHT BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE...

...WHEN AN ANIMAL IS CORNERED...



TA-CLICK!

IT WILL ALWAYS FIGHT!

THE PISTOL IS NEAR USELESS! FRANK GROSUN IS WELL AWARE OF THAT!

YET HE PUNCHES THE TRIGGER AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! FOR WHAT IS THE INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF A MAN...IF HE DOESN'T MAKE AT LEAST A JOKEAN EFFORT AT DEFENDING HIMSELF?



BAM!
BAM!

KABAM!

EVERYONE MAY HAVE THIS THOUGHT-CONTROL ABILITY! I DON'T KNOW!

THE POINT IS ACADEMIC! OPPORTUNITY HAS KNOWNED...AND DOUGLAS STARR HAS ANSWERED!

TRADITIONS MUST BE RESPECTED! AGE MUST BE HONORED! I AND I ALONE AM THE COUNTRY'S SOLE SALVATION!



THE COUNTLESS THINGS THAT AND FALL, SWAMP UP HIS LEGS, THEY BITE! THEY CLAW! THEY HACK!

BUT FIRE YOUR THREE REMAINING BULLETS, FRANK, AND LAUGH AS YOU BLAST AWAY! IF DRINK MUST BE DONE... DO IT LIKE A MAN!



GOT CARRIED AWAY... RAMBLED ENTIRELY TOO MUCH LIVING IN A WORLD OF INSANITY HAS CAUSED THAT!

I'M SORRY FOR TAKING UP YOUR VALUABLE TIME, GROGUN. I COULDN'T RESIST COMING HERE TO CHAT!



FRANK GROGUN TRIES TO BRUSH THE SCRAMBLING DOLLS AWAY... LIKE A GAWK! IMPOTENTLY SWATTING SMITS!



TWO WORDS BOB USED TO DESCRIBE HIS PLASTIC RETURN TO HAVEN! THE BELSAGUERED MAN! "VIRTUALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE!"

TIME TO DEPART! THERE IS A LAND OUT THERE... WAITING FOR A MASTER TO GIVE IT PURPOSE!

MY DESTINY BECKONS!

GOOD-BYE, GROGUN!





MAY THE
LORD HAVE
MERCY ON
YOUR
SOUL!

FRANK
GROBUSK
1939 - 1974



THE ARRESTED
BUSINESS
EXECUTIVE
TURNS ON
HIS HEEL AND
WALKS
CRUELLY
AWAY....

...THE SELF-CONFESSED NOTION THAT
OTHERS MAY SHARE HIS MENTAL
POWER OF THOUGHT-CONTROL
ALREADY FORGOTTEN?



...AND NOT ONCE DOES
T CROSS DOUGLAS
STARR'S MIND THAT IT
WAS **NOT** HE
CONTROLLING THE
DEADLY DOLL AS THEY
KILLED TWO MEN IN
HIS DEPARTMENT STORE!

VERY SOON... I
WILL BE PRESIDENT
DOUGLAS STARR! IT
DOES HAVE AN ICE
RING TO IT!

NEVER DID IT OCCUR TO THE
BURLY BUSINESSMAN THAT
THE NYMATOIDS MIGHT HAVE
A MIND OF THEIR OWN....!

EVEN AS THE DOLL ATTACKED
HIM, DOUGLAS STARR DID NOT
COMPREHEND WHAT WAS
REALLY HAPPENING....

OW MY
HAND...
BLEEDING!
AHHH! PAIN
IN MY CHEST!
NO! NOT
NOW!

THE DOLL...
ATTACKING ME!
BUT NOW? WHY?
CAN'T MAKE IT
STOP!

HEART ATTACK!
MY PILLS! MUST
GET MY PILLS...



DOUGLAS STARR NEVER
KNEW THAT HE HAD
NOT USED THE
NYMATOIDS TO HIS OWN
GAINS....

IN TRUTH, THE NYMATOIDS
HAD USED HIM... AS AN
EXPERIMENT TO TEST THEIR
WILES... TO PIT THEIR
INDISTRICTIBLE PLASTIC
THINKING MINDS AGAINST
A HUMAN MIND!

AND AS DOUGLAS STARR LAY
IN THE MUD, RAIN
SPATTERING IN HIS
LIFELESS EYES...
MILLIONS OF NYMATOIDS
ALL OVER THE WORLD...

...BEGAN
TO MOVE!!



END



I'M SCOTT MURDOCK,
A FORTUNE HUNTER.
IT WAS THE STRANGEST
TREASURE OF ALL
THAT BROUGHT ME TO
THE SMALL GERMAN
TOWN OF BRAMBURG
THAT DAY...

WATCH AS
MR. SCOTT MURDOCK,
WOULD-BE TREASURE-
HUNTER, GOES LOOKING
FOR EASY MONEY...
ONLY TO FIND HE
DOESN'T HAVE...

...A GHOST OF A CHANCE

YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT
LINDLER MANSION ARE VERY
DISTURBING, MRS. MURDOCK.
THAT HOUSE HAS BEEN
BOMBED UP MANY YEARS!

THAT HOUSE IS TRULY
CURSED, MY FRIEND!
THE SORCERY OF
BARON LINDLER
WAS ONLY TOO REAL!

NO ONE
IS ALLOWED
TO ENTER IT
FOR ANY REASON!

SURELY
IT WON'T
HAUNT TO
FILL ME IN
ABOUT THE
LEGEND!

ACHTUNG!
no talking here



"IT ALL BEGAN AS BARON LINDLER LAY DYING! HIS FORTUNE WAS DEPLETED AFTER A LONG ILLNESS... AND NONE OF HIS SERVANTS REMAINED!"

"WHEN IT WAS KNOWN THAT HE WAS BED-RIDDEN AND HELPLESS, THIEVES STOLE WHAT FEW THINGS OF VALUE HE HAD LEFT... FROM UNDER HIS VERY NOSE!"

"HE DIED AFTER WATCHING HIS POSSESSIONS DISAPPEAR INTO THE HANDS OF THE HUMAN PACK-RATS WHO TORTURED HIM NIGHTLY! BUT ON HIS DEATHBED, HE UTTERED THE CURSE..."

LET ANY WHO ENTER THIS HOUSE FIND THE TREASURE HE NEEDS MOST!

THEY WILL SOON LEARN IT IS NOT AS PLEASANT AS IT SOUNDS!

SOME DID COME, BUT HORROR ALWAYS FOLLOWED!

FORGET LINDLER MANSION!

"I EXPLAINED THE SITUATION TO MY GIRL..."

JEAN STOP WORRYING! THIS COULD PUT US ON EASY STREET!

THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING LEFT HIDDEN BY THE OLD BARON! AND WHAT CAN BE BAD FINDING THE TREASURE I NEED MOST?

"I WASN'T GOING TO LET HER TALK ME OUT OF IT! AND I KNEW SHE WOULDN'T LET ME GO THERE ALONE! SO THAT NIGHT..."

THERE! LINDLER MANSION!

SCOTT! LET'S GO BACK! IT FEELS EVIL!

"I IGNORED HER AND WENT TO WORK ON THE DOOR..."

AND THEN...
WE WERE
INSIDE!

IT'S SO CREEPY...
AND CHILLY...
LIKE... DEATH!

ENOUGH MYSTERIES,
JEAN. THERE'S WORK
TO DO

IT'S ALL
AROUND
US!

HUMP
THAT
SOUND!
WHERE--?

FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP

G-GOT
TO BE...
WIND
OR--

THE LIGHT!
IT'S OUT!

AAARRGHH!

SCOTT!
ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

WHEN
YOU
SCREAMED
LIKE THAT...

OHGHH!
MY ACHING
NECK...

MUST HAVE TRIPPED WHEN THE
LIGHT WENT OUT... AND CUT MY NECK
AS I FELL! DON'T WORRY ABOUT
IT! I'M OKAY!

THEN LET'S
LEAVE!
PLEASE!

AND SUDDENLY...

I AM BARON
LINDLER...!

SCOTT... I TELL IT
WE WANT NO
PART OF HIS
TREASURE!

VERY WELL, YOUNG
LADY! THE TREASURE
SHALL BE JUST FOR
YOUR FRIEND!

NO SPOOK
SCARES
ME...

AND I SEE
YOU HAVE
COME... FOR
THE TREASURE
YOU NEED
MOST!

I'LL COME
TOO
SCOTT... FOR
YOUR
SAKE!

I'M RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU!

JEAN THIS IS
WHAT WE'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR! THE
LEGEND IS
TRUE!

ON AND ON, THE
ROTTING FIGURE
LED US DOWN
DARK CORRIDORS
SMELLING OF
FILTH AND
DARKNESS...

THROUGH ROOMS
ANCIENT AND
FOREBODING...
DOWN STAIR-
WAYS SO
DEEP, THEY
SEEMED TO
LEAD INTO THE
VERY DEPTHS
OF HELL!

UNTIL, AT LAST...

THERE! THERE
IS THE TREASURE
YOU NEED
MOST!

IN THE
COFFIN!

WHA...? IT'S
EMPTY! YOU
TRICKED ME!

SUDDENLY AS HE HAD APPEARED, THE BARON'S
CORPSE VANISHED IN GHOSTLY LAUGHTER...

OH SCOTT!
SOMETHING
HORRIBLE IS
HAPPENING!
I JUST
KNOW IT!

LOOK! IT'S
ALMOST
DAWN!

SCOTT! WHAT'S
WRONG?!

I GASPED FOR AIR...GROPED
BLINDLY IN THE MORNING
LIGHT...FELT MY FLESH SIZZLE
IN THE WARMTH! MY MIND WAS
REELING...THEN I KNEW WHAT
WAS HAPPENING...

THE HOUSE
IS HAUNTED
ALL RIGHT! BUT
THE TREASURE
BIT WAS
PHONY!

LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE WHILE
WE STILL CAN!

JEAN...
I...
UHHH!

WITH WHAT LITTLE
STRENGTH WAS
LEFT ME, I RAN
MADLY...

JEAN, RUN!
GET OUT OF
HERE! LEAVE
ME!

...HOPING JEAN WOULD NOT BE ABLE
TO FOLLOW...!

SCOTT!
SCOTT!

...AS I RACED
ON TO THE
ROOM WITH
THE COFFIN...

THEN, I COULD NO LONGER
HEAR HER FOOTSTEPS! SHE
WAS SAFE! I KNEW THE GHOST
WOULD NOT HARM HER, FOR SHE
HAD REFUSED HIS TREASURE...
AS I SHOULD HAVE DONE!



AND THE BARON
APPEARED... ONE
FINAL TIME!



YOU!
IT WAS
YOUR EVIL
THAT
CAUSED
THIS!

NO!



IT WAS YOUR
GREED
PERMEATING
EVERY FIBRE
OF YOUR
BEING,
DESTROYING
ALL YOUR
OTHER GOALS!

NOW THOSE
OTHER GOALS
ARE LOST
FOREVER!

WHAT CAN
THEY MEAN
TO YOU?

...A
VAMPIRE!



SO I LEARNED
AS DAWN'S
LIGHT WEAKENED
ME! I SHOULD
HAVE GUESSED IT
WAS A VAMPIRE
BUT THAT YOU
HAD BITE MY
NECK!

YES! BUT NOW...
DAY IS ALMOST
UPON YOU. AND
YOU ARE A
VAMPIRE!!!

THE COFFIN!
I'LL HAVE TO
GET INTO THE
COFFIN OR I'LL
DIE!



"THE BARON IS GONE
NOW! BUT I'LL HAVE
PLENTY OF TIME
TO DWELL ON HIS
WORDS. FOR AS AN
IMMORTAL VAMPIRE,
I'LL HAVE AN
ETERNITY... TO
THINK OF ALL
I'VE LOST... AN
ETERNITY TO THINK
ABOUT..."

HAA! ENJOY YOUR
TREASURE, MURDOCK!



...MY
OWN
GREED!





WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE GOVERNMENT EVER DECIDED TO MASTER THE MYSTIC ARTS? IT'S ALL SPILLED OUT FOR YOU IN...

DEMON IN THE COCKPIT



SMELL! STRETCHES OF
BURNING, BLAZING DESERT.
A SHARING, NOON-DAY SUN
THE UTAH BADLANDS!

HEAR: THE RAUCOUS WHINE OF A JET-COPTER... STEEL-
RIBBED PRODUCT OF A POLLUTION-FRAUGHT TECHNOLOGY!

SEE: TWO MEN... TENSE, TIGHT-LIPPED! THEY
STARE MUTELY AHEAD AT THE BLEAK, HEAT-
SCORCHED NOTHINGNESS!



WE'RE
ALMOST
THERE!

THEN, THE ONE
IN THE PILOT'S
SEAT TURNS AND
SPEAKS...

THE PASSENGER EIGHTY-NODS HIS
HEAD IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT! HE
MAKES NO OTHER REPLY! PERHAPS
IT IS BECAUSE HIS FURROWED BROW...

HIS WRINKLE WORRIED FEATURES
ARE CONCERNED WITH MORE
IMPORTANT MATTERS... LIKE
WAR AND DEATH...



ROTORS BEATING IN A MAD, CIRCULAR **FRENZY**... THE AIRCRAFT ALIGNS AT THE BASE OF A MASSIVE **MOUNTAIN-FORTRESS**...



THIS IS THE PLACE?

YES, SIR! THE ONLY WAY TO REACH IT IS THE WAY WE DID... BY AIR!



VERY IMPRESSIVE STRUCTURE!

STILL WITH ALL THE MILLIONS MY COMMITTEE APPROPRIATED THE PENTAGON COULD AFFORD IT!



GOOD AFTER-NOON, SENATOR ARMSTRONG!

YOU MUST BE JAMES! TELL ME... IS IT ALWAYS THIS BLASTED HOT?

ONLY WHEN ALL HELL'S ABOUT TO BREAK LOOSE! SORRY, IT'S AN INSIDE JOKES!



JUST TAKE A SEAT, SENATOR AND WE'LL START THE TOUR!

DRIVER! ALPHA SECTION, LEVEL FIVE!



YOU COULDN'T HAVE ARRIVED AT A MORE OPPORTUNE TIME! WE'RE SCHEDULED TO RUN A TEST IN HALF AN HOUR!

WE'RE ON THE VERGE OF A BREAKTHROUGH... AND YOU MAY WITNESS IT, SENATOR...



A TREMENDOUS BREAK-THROUGH!

THE VEHICLE RUMS ALONG UNTIL IT ARRIVES AT **CONTROL CENTRAL!**



THIS IS THE **HEART**... THE **VEIN**... **NERVE CENTER** OF OUR OPERATION!

BUT FIRST... LET ME **BRIEF** YOU ON THE DETAILS!



AS YOU KNOW, THE **MAJORS** IN WASHINGTON ARE STILL SILENTLY **SEETHING** OVER OUR **WEAPONS TREATIES** WITH THE **REDS!**

ARMS CONTROL... **MUTUAL LIMITATION** OF **NUCLEAR MISSILES**... MAKES THEM THINK AMERICA IS **NEARLY NAKED** AND **DEFENSELESS!**

THEY MAY BE **RIGHT** BUT THAT'S **BEYOND** THE POINT!

THIS **UNDERGROUND COMPLEX**... **PROJECT ATOMIC WIND**... IS WORKING ON A **NEW FORM** OF **WARFARE**... ONE THAT WILL MAKE **ATOMIC ATTACK OBSOLETE!** IT **BEGAN** WHEN ONE OF OUR **RESEARCHERS STUMBLED** ACROSS THE **AXIOM!**



IT **READS**... IF I CAN **QUOTE** IT CORRECTLY... THERE IS NO **INDIVIDUAL** THING IN NATURE WHICH IS NOT **SUBJUGATED** IN **POWER** AND **STRENGTH** BY SOME **OTHER THING**...

...AND FOR ANY **INDIVIDUAL** THING THAT IS **GIVEN**... **ANOTHER** AND A **STRONGER** IS ALSO **GIVEN** BY WHICH THE **FORMER** CAN BE **DESTROYED!**



IN OTHER **WORDS**, FOR EVERY **FORCE** IN NATURE, THERE IS ALWAYS A **STRONGER** **FORCE!**

EXACTLY SENATOR!



ACCORDING TO THIS **LINE** OF **SPECULATION**... SOMETHING FAR **SUPERIOR** TO **ATOMIC ENERGY** MUST EXIST... SOMETHING **LONG**...

SCOFFED AT!

BLACK MAGIC!



CURIOUS?
GOOD!

THE
DOCTOR RECENTLY
COMPLETED A STUDY
ON WITCHCRAFT... AND
FED THE RESULTS IN
TO THE PROJECT'S
COMPUTERS!

OUR
DATA BANKS
DEVELOPED THE
SPELL YOU WERE
JUST LOOKING
AT!

THE
DOC'S GIVING
US THE **MAGNY**
SHOW, MR. JACOBS.
THE SIGNAL TO
START!

OKAY, TOM,
ACTIVATE THE
VIDEO RECORDERS!
I WANT THIS ALL
ON TAPE!

ACTUALLY
THE GOWN-LIKE
TRAPPING **ISN'T**
NECESSARY!

IT'S
JUST THAT DR.
WARRAND FEELS
MORE **SECURE**
WITH THEM... A
PSYCHOLOGICAL
CATCH-22 TO
BREAK!

REGISTERS
ARE PICKING UP
PSYCHIC ENERGY...
JAMMING ALL
WAVE LENGTHS!

AND
THAT'S
NOT ALL!
LOOK!

A
CHURNING
FUNNEL... A
SOFTLY SHINING
AND VORTEX OF
LIGHT... IN
MID-AIR!

"Y' SURE!
EVENMOST
WING-LOOSEST
ONE AMONG THE
FETID GODS!
HEAR ME!"

THOUGH
MY SOUL MAY
SUFFER ETERNAL
DAMNATION...
I CALL THEM
FORTH!



JACOBS!
MAYBE WE HAD
BETTER...

NO!

I KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING... BUT
THERE'S NO TURN-
ING BACK...



NO
TURNING BACK
AT ALL!



THE EVER-WAVERING COLORS
THE STRANGE PULSE-FICKERING
LIGHTS... GROW SUDDENLY DIM,
SHIFT TO A DULL GREY SHADOW-
FORM, THEN FLARE AGAIN WITH
AWESOME NON-EXISTENCE.



GOOD LORD!
MARINO'S
DONE IT!

DON'T
WASTE TIME
DEBATING!

OPEN THE
PORTAL... GET THE
DOCTOR OUT OF THERE
BEFORE HE GETS
KILLED!

AND WHERE THE
SERIE, ASTRAL DISPLAY
ONCE DANCED, A
DEMON STANDS!

SHAKEN ROSES RUSTLING...
THE AGED MAN SCRAMBLES
FOR THE SECURITY OF THE
STEEL-LINED SHADOWS!



AND WATCHING HIM IS THE DEMON! TWIN
EYES LIKE DEVEL-DARK COALS BEGIN TO
BLAZE AN UNSOBBY GREEN!

THE TOWERING BEING TAKES A CREAKING STEP FOR-
WARD AS IF TO FOLLOW THE MORTAL WHO BECHAINED
HIM FROM BEYOND THE LOWER DEPTHS



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN NAMELESS ETERNITY, Y'SUUN
FEELS THE PEARSONE BITE OF NERVE-NUMBING PAIN!

KEEP
THOSE ANTI-
MATTER SHACKLES
TRAINED

(ON HIM)
ONE SLIP-UP
AND OUR TEN-TON
PLAYMATE IS
Liable TO PLAY
KINGS HONG
WITH THE
BASE!

THE
CREW'LL HANDLE
THINGS TILL WE
RETURN!

LET'S DROP
DOWN AND SEE
MURRAY... OFFER HIM
OUR CONGRATU-
LATIONS!





THIS IS
THE DAWNING
OF A NEW ERA
LIKE THE DROPPING OF
THE FIRST A-BOMB!
THE WORLD WILL
NEVER BE THE
SAME!

SUNNIE!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
WE'VE
STOPPED!

THERE'S NO
POWER!



AND THAT WARLIKE
SHRIKE... THAT RUMBLING
THUNDER-LIKE ROAR... IS IF
THE ENTIRE MOUNTAIN
WERE CRUMBLING!

YOU
BIRD FOOL!
DON'T YOU
KNOW WHAT
IS GOING
ON?

IF WE COULD
ENSLAVE A DEMON
PREPARED TO TRAY
IT TO DO OUR
BIDDING



...WHAT
CAN STOP THE
COMMUNISTS FROM
DOWNING THE
SAME?

A BELLOWING, BLACK-BOLING OLD D RAGES
OVER THE ROCK-HEAVEN BASE! LIGHTNING
LEAPS, CRACKLES IN JAGGED ARCS, RIP-
PING THE MOUNTAIN'S STONE FLESH!

THE SENATOR REINCHES BE-
FORE THE UNLEASHED FURY OF
THE SOVIET SPRAWLED DEVIL,
AND HE SAYS THE PROJECT

COME TO AN ABRUPT

END!

PROLOGUE NIGHT IN THE MID-PACIFIC...

I'M A FOOL...
NOTHING BUT A
DAMN FOOL!

TWO DAYS OUT OF
SAN FRANCISCO AND
ALREADY THIS BLASTED
CRUISE IS MORE THAN
I CAN TAKE!

SHOULD'VE KNOWN
THE ONLY REASON
COULTER INVITED ME
IS SO HE COULD TOR-
MENT ME!

YEAH! THAT'S
JUST GOT
TO BE IT!

THAT'S THE WAY
IT'S ALWAYS BEEN!
MARK COULTER HAS
EVERYTHING...

ANN! EVEN NOW THE
THOUGHT OF HER MADE
JAKE SAUNDERS' BLOOD
DATCH FIRE, THE LIQUOR
COULDN'T PASTER WITHIN
HIM, THE PROSTITUTION
AND RISE GROW...

SHE WAS MY
GIRL... BUT WHAT
CHANCE DID I HAVE
AGAINST HIS MONEY
AND FANCY TALK?

...WHILE
I'M LEFT WITH
NOTHING! HE'S
GOT THE YACHT,
THE CARS, THE
CLOTHES... EVEN
GOT ANN...

YEAH! IT'S ALL GONE
COULTER'S WAY! BUT IF
HE PUSHES ME MUCH MORE...
IF HE KEEPS TRYING TO
LORD IT OVER ME...

THE WORM'S
GOING TO TURN! I'M
FED UP ENOUGH TO DO
SOMETHING ABOUT IT...
HAD ALL I'M GOING
TO TAKE!

THEN SOMETHING HAPPED
THROUGH SAUNDERS' SELF-
PITY, HIS ALCOHOLIC HAZE...



AND WITH THAT SCREAM WE **CUT-OFF** FROM OUR
PROLOGUE AND SET **SALE** INTO A TALE OF TERROR ON
THE JAWY DEEP AS WHAT STARTED AS A PLEASANT
CRUISE THREATENS TO MAKE ALL HANDS...

"FISHBATT"

SUDDENLY, THE YACHT
HEAVED IN THE AIR --
TOSSED SAUNDERS
LIKE A RAG DOLL!



ON TROVAILING, UNSURE LEGS, JAKE
STAGGERED OUT INTO THE MAIN COM-
PANYWAY, HAULING ONE OF THE OARS...



DON'T
KNOW, MR.
SAUNDERS!

SOMETHIN' MUST
HAVE RAMMED US --
PRETTY BLASTED
HARD!

JAKE
RUSHED
ONTO THE
MAIN
DECK, IN-
TO THE
FOG AND
NIGHT...

EASY
ANN JUST
CALM DOWN,
DARLING!

MARK!

ANY IDEA
WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT?

I DON'T
KNOW, JAKE.
ANN SAID IT...
SHE'S TRYING TO
TELL ME

I'D COME ON
DECK FOR AIR...
WHEN SUDDENLY
S-SOMETHING
CAME OUT OF
THE FOG!

SOMETHING
HUGE!

C-COULDN'T SEE CLEARLY...
BUT I SCREAMED JUST AS
IT HIT US!

MUST HAVE
BEEN ANOTHER
SHIP! PROBABLY
OUT THERE NOW...
SINKING!

AND WE'RE
HELPLESS TO
FIND THEM
IN THIS BLASTED
SOUP!

MR.
COULTER!

GOT A HOLE
BIG AS A HOUSE
IN THE BOW, SIR!

WE'RE
TAKIN' ON
WATER
FAST!

LOOKS BAD,
SIR. . . REAL
BAD!

TOO MUCH WATER COMIN' IN FOR
THE PUMPS TO HANDLE, SIR! WE GOT
ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES AFLOAT...

...IF WE'RE
LUCKY!

COULTER'S CREW WAS 6000. JAKE
HAD TO GIVE HIM THAT. IN LESS
THAN SEVEN MINUTES THEY HAD
THE LIFE-BOATS AWAY FROM
THE DYING SHIP...

WHAT NOW, MR. RICH MAN?
GONING TO PLUG THAT HOLE
WITH YOUR MONEY?

GET HOLD
OF YOURSELF,
JAKE. THIS IS
SERIOUS!

PRAY SOMEONE
PICKS UP OUR S.O.S. ...
WE'RE A LONG PULL
FROM DRY LAND!

MARK... I'M
SCARED...!

EASY,
HONEY...

THERE GOES
THE YACHT! NOW
WE'RE REALLY ALONE,
COULTER!

WE'LL
MAKE IT,
SOMEHOW...

BY AN HOUR LATER
THE FOG HAD LIFTED...



THAT MOON'S
A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT,
IF WE WEREN'T
IN THIS...

MR. COULTER...
LOOK!

MARK!
WHAT WILL
WE DO!

JUST SIT TIGHT
AND! AS LONG AS WE'RE IN
THE BOATS THEY WON'T...

SHARKS!
A WHOLE SCHOOL
OF THEM!

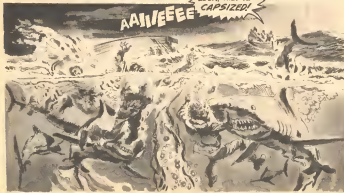


THAT SO,
MONEY BAGS!

LOOK AT
THE OTHER
BOAT FOR GOD'S
SAKE!



LOOK! THEY'VE
CAPSIZED!



AAHHEEE

HOW LONG
BEFORE THEY
GET US?

SANDERS COULD FEEL THE HOPELESSNESS AND
FEAR, LIKE THE HAND OF DOOM CONSTRICTING
UPON HIM, FORCING HIM TO EXPLODE!

JAKE! SIT DOWN
AND SHUT UP! WE
DON'T NEED THAT!

SHUT UP
YOURSELF,
MONEY BAGS!
I'M NO FOOL
LIKE THE
OTHERS!

YOU WANT TO
BOSS EVERYONE
AROUND AND PLAY
HERO... BUT WE'RE
ALL GONNA TO DIE.
DO YOU HEAR?

DIE!

I WARNED
YOU, JAKE!

WROK!

UGGGHHHH!

WE'VE BEEN
FRIENDS A LONG
TIME, JAKE... I'D
RATHER NOT HAVE
DONE THAT! BUT
WE'LL NEVER
PULL THROUGH
THIS BY-

THE SHARK!

GOD HELP US!
THEY'RE GOING TO
TIP THE BOAT!

THEY FOUGHT, FOUGHT AROUND WITH THE GARS! BUT IN THE END...



...THE SMALL
BOAT WENT
OVER! HURLING
THEM ALL INTO
THE BLOOD-FUCKED
WATERS...

Mark!
Hold on! **Help!**
Mark!
Help!
Mark!
Help!

I'M COMING!

...WHERE THERE
WAS NO ESCAPE!

THEY'RE GONE...
SUDDENLY AS THEY
APPEARED...

BUT
THEY GOT AWAY...!
MY GOD...



WHAT DO YOU **EXPECT**,
RICH MAN?! THINK ALL YOUR
CASH CAN BUY OFF
KILLER SHARKS?!

JAKE... DON'T YOU
HAVE **ANY** SENSE OF
DECENCY?

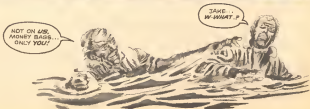




BUT THE SHARKS DID NOT COME. THEY DRIFTED ALONE... JAKE WITH HIS HATRED, MARK WITH HIS GRIEF, UNTIL, ONCE MORE THE FOG CAME ROLLING IN... AND WITH IT... **HOPE!**



BUT HAND-IN-HAND WITH HOPE... WAS **DESPAIR!**



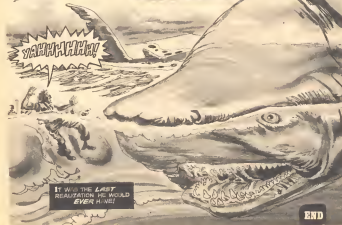


BEHIND JAKE SAUNDERS THE OCEAN FOAMED CRIMSON,
BUT HE DID NOT LOOK BACK... ONLY AHEAD... INTO THE
FOG. YET AS HE NEARED THE LOOMING SHIP, A
STRANGE UNBUSINESS CREPT SLOWLY OVER HIM...



THEN... THE
FOG PARTED!

AND JAKE SUDDENLY
REALIZED WHAT HAD
RAMMED THE YACHT
THOSE HOURS BEFORE...



**COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE?
ACT NOW!**



475
PE 85
1985



105
106
107



425
7 425
75



19



75



70



1000

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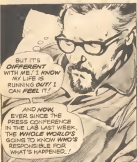
**SEND FOR THESE
MONSTERIFIC
BACK ISSUES!**

PAW. IT, THE GREY WALLS,
AND THE DISMAL VIEW
WERE ALL HE KNEW LYING
IN HIS HOSPITAL BED...



I ALMOST WISH I'D NEVER
STARTED IT ALL! WHEN I THINK
OF WHAT'S HAPPENED, I FEEL
LIKE A...A... DR. FRANKENSTEIN!

ON A DAY IN THE NOT TOO DISTANT
FUTURE, DR. GRANT DEIGHTON,
EMINENT RESEARCHER IN THE FIELD OF
CELL REPLICATION,
COUNTS THE HOURS
LEFT HIM...



BUT IT'S
DIFFERENT
WITH ME. I KNOW
MY LIFE IS
RUNNING OUT. I
CAN FEEL IT!

AND NOW
EVER SINCE THE
PRESS CONFERENCE
IN THE LAB LAST WEEK,
THE WHOLE WORLD'S
GOING TO KNOW WHO'S
RESPONSIBLE FOR
WHAT'S HAPPENED...



THIS IS THE
RESEARCH LAB OF
THE MED SCHOOL
WHERE DR. DEIGHTON
HAS ORGANIZED A
WHOLE NEW SCIENCE...



HERE THEY ARE,
GENTLEMEN... THE
CLONES! BUT BEFORE
I GO INTO THE PROJECT
IN FURTHER DETAIL...

PERHAPS I'D BETTER EXPLAIN
MORE FULLY JUST WHAT A
CLONE IS...

THE CLONE!

A CLONE IS AN ORGANISM PRODUCED BY CHEMICALLY-INDUCED CELL REPLICATION!

THAT IS TO SAY, BY **CLONING** WE CAN ARTIFICIALLY REPRODUCE AN ORGANISM... AN EXACT DUPLICATE... FROM ANY SPECIMEN OF CELLS!

FROM TISSUE SPECIMENS PROVIDED BY **PRIVATE DONORS**, WE HAVE DEVELOPED THE FIRST **HUMAN CLONES!**

WE ARE EXPERIMENTING WITH HUMAN CLONES IN ORDER TO BREED **LIVING ORGAN BANKS** FOR TRANSPLANTS!



ORGAN BANKS?!

YES, THE CLONES ARE, ACTUALLY, **SUB-HUMAN**. THEY'RE MINDLESS... WITHOUT **IDENTITY**! THEY ARE INCAPABLE OF THOUGHT, MOVEMENT, OR FEELINGS...

NOW?

PART OF THE CLONE-SYNTHESIZING PROCESS DELIBERATELY DESTROYS THE BRAIN-CELLS CONTROLLING THOSE FUNCTIONS!

PARTLY FOR OBVIOUS, **HUMANE** REASONS... AND ALSO, BECAUSE THE **DONOR-VOLUNTEERS** ARE CONVICTS FROM THE STATE PRISON!

CERTAIN **TENDENCIES**... PHYSICAL OR OTHERWISE... MIGHT BE TRANSMITTED...

THERE! YOU SEE? NOT A TWITCH! THEY'RE **VEGETABLES** IN HUMAN FORM!

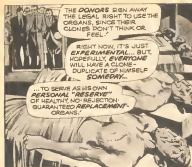


AND THE LAW... PERMITS ALL THIS?

TECHNICALLY, A CLONE IS **SYNTHETIC**. UNLIKE A FETUS, IT'S "SUB-HUMAN"! IT DOESN'T POSSESS **HUMAN RIGHTS**!

THEY'RE ONLY... **THINGS**, BRED TO MERELY SERVE AS **DONORS** OF ORGANS, DIGITS AND EXTREMITIES!





THE DONORS SIGN AWAY THE LEGAL RIGHT TO USE THE ORGANS, SINCE THEIR CLONES DON'T THINK OR FEEL."

RIGHT NOW, IT'S JUST EXPERIMENTAL... BUT, HOPEFULLY, EVERYONE WILL HAVE A CLONE-DUPLICATE OF HIMSELF SOMEDAY...

...TO SERVE AS HIS OWN PERSONAL "RESERVE" OF HEALTHY, NO-REJECTION, GUARANTEED REPLACEMENT ORGANS."



WE KEEP THEM HERE IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION, RESTORING NORMAL METABOLISM BY ELECTRO-SHOCK WHEN THEY ARE NEEDED TO SUPPLY AN ORGAN FOR A TRANSPLANT!

IT'S ALL PERFECTLY LEGAL, I ASSURE YOU!

PERFECTLY LEGAL... SADISM! TORTURE!

IF DEISHION HAD ONLY LOOKED CAREFULLY THAT DAY TWO WEEKS BEFORE... HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN ONE CLONE THAT WAS DIFFERENT FROM THE REST... IT ALMOST SEEMED TO MOVE...!

MY MEMORY TELLS ME I AM HARVEY DANZINGER... AND YET I KNOW I CAN'T BE! I LIE HERE, PARALYZED...!

I AM HIS CLONE... HIS INANIMATE, HALF-CORPSE, SHADOW... AND THE PRISON HARVEY DANZINGER SITS IN NOW IS A PARADISE OF FREEDOM COMPARED TO THIS... "EXISTENCE..."



SOMETHING WENT WRONG SOMEWHERE WHEN THEY MADE ME... UNLIKE THE OTHER CLONES, I COULD THINK AND FEEL... I COULD DO EVERYTHING A MAN COULD... EXCEPT MOVE...!



LOOK AT THOSE... WINDLESS LUMPS OF FLESH! SUSPENDED ANIMATION! HAH! THE CATATONIA-INDUCING DRUGS HAVE NO EFFECT ON ME! I ONLY WISH THEY DID... THE PAIN...!

"THEY NEVER USE ANESTHESIA... WHY SHOULD THEY? CLONES CAN'T THINK OR FEEL? BUT I WAS DIFFERENT..."



"AGGGGHHH!" MY GOD! PAIN... UNBEARABLE!... IF ONLY... I COULD... CRY OUT... BUT... CAN'T SPEAK... CAN'T MOVE...!!

THE ABOY... THE SUFFERING... WATCHING MY BODY BEING TORN APART, BIT BY BIT... SEEING THEM STEAL MY ORGANS, AND BEING POWERLESS TO STOP THEM! THE TORTURE, IT'S BEEN HELLISH!





THEY ATTACHED THE ELECTRODES... AND, AS THE CURRENT PULSED THROUGH ITS PARALYZED BODY, THE CLONE OF HARVEY GANZINGER FELT ITS ATROPHIED MUSCLES BEGIN TO **TINGLE WITH POWER.**

AHHH... YES... IT'S HAPPENING!



TWO WEEKS AND AN UNFOLDING OPERATION OF HIS OWN. LATER, AN AGONIZED DR. GRANT DESKIN PONDERS HIS FATE...

IT WAS THAT NIGHT AFTER THE PRESS CONFERENCE THAT THEY FOUND IT MISSING...

AT FIRST HE THOUGHT THERE'D BEEN A MIX-UP... AND IT HAD BEEN DISPOSED OF... ALONG WITH THE OTHER DEPLETED CLONES!

BUT AFTER THE HORROR MURDERS, WE KNEW...

...FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS, THE COMMUNITY SURROUNDING THE CAMPUS HAD BEEN HELD IN A GRIP OF TERROR! ONE OF OUR CLONES IS RUNNING LOOSE... A MAD KILLER!

AND SOON IT WILL RETURN... I KNOW IT...

HUH?

I SAID, HOW'S OUR FAVORITE KIDNEY-TRANSPLANT PATIENT TONIGHT, DOCTOR?

AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SLEEPY COLLEGE TOWN...

TONIGHT, I VISIT MR. GLENDON THURMAN III... THEN ONE LAST "ERRAND"... AND MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE!

THE CLONE'S CRIMINAL MIND QUICKLY DETERMINES THE EASIEST ROUTE TO THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW...

HOW I'VE LOVED TRACKING DOWN MY LOST PARTS THESE PAST TWO WEEKS... LEAVING MY VICTIMS BLEEDING TO DEATH...

...SUFFERING THE SAME TORTURE I ENDURED! THEY DESERVE IT... ALL OF THEM!

...LIKE THE CANCER PATIENT WHO "RETURNED" THE LUNG HE STOLE FROM ME...

GEEEAAGGRRGSHH!!

...OR THE LONGSHOREMAN WHO RECEIVED MY TRANSPLANTED ARM... I WONDER WHAT THE COPS THOUGHT WHEN THEY FOUND HIS CORPSE...

MOST HORROR THING I'VE EVER SEEN!

SOMEONE... OR SOMETHING... RIPPED HIS ARM OFF!

LET IT BE A LESSON TO YOU... SMOKING'S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!

BUT WHERE IS IT? NO SIGN OF IT ANYWHERE!



THE HOSPITAL COMPLIES WITH DEIGHTON'S REQUEST WITHOUT QUESTION... AND, SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE...



JUST ONE MORE... ERRAND... AND MY MISSION IS COMPLETED!

FIRST TO GET INSIDE...

AND THEN... RUSHES INTO THE HOSPITAL LIKE AN ARMED HURRICANE, SLAMMING DOWN EVERYONE IN SIGHT!



TOSSING THIS ROCK INTO THOSE BUSHES WILL OVERTHEW THE GUARD'S ATTENTION JUST ENOUGH...

HUH? WHO'S THERE?



LIKE A JUNGLE NIGHT-SHROUDED PANTHER, THE GLOVE SPRINGS FROM ITS HIDING-PLACE...

STOP... OR I'LL... GAAAAHHH!!

OR YOU'LL WHAT?

WHAT'S THE MATTER... SOMETHING GOT YOUR TONGUE?



THE GLOVE BENDS NEAR HIS VICTIM...

YOU WON'T NEED THIS ANYMORE BUT I JUST MIGHT...



WHILE UPSTAIRS...

IT'S COMING UP HERE! I-I KNOW IT!!

NOW CALM DOWN, DOCTOR! NOTHING CAN COME IN HERE! WE'VE POSTED A GUARD IN THE HALL... IN FRONT OF YOUR DOOR!

OUTSIDE, IN
THE HALL...

HUN?!



MRS.
HALSTEAD!
MY GOD?

NO!

BLAMM!

DROP IT,
DEIGHTON! NO
USE TRYING TO
CALL ANYONE!
NOT NOW!

I'VE
SEALED
OFF THIS
WHOLE FLOOR
FROM THE REST
OF THE
HOSPITAL!

I LOCKED
THE DOORS
BEHIND ME AND
BROKE THE
LOCKS BY
FIRING SLUGS
INTO THEM!

BY THE TIME
ANYONE DOES
GET UP HERE, IT'LL
BE ALLOVER...!



HOW'D YOU...
GET IN HERE?

YOU FIGURE
IT OUT, DEIGHTON!
YOU KNOW ABOUT
"MY" TALENT FOR
BREAKING AND
ENTERING...

GRAVES, MAUSOLEUMS.
YOU REMEMBER?



YES...
YOU'RE... YOU'RE
DANZINGER'S
CLONE... YOU...
YOU WANT--

ONLY WHAT
BELONGS TO ME,
DEIGHTON...
...MY
KIDNEY!



NO... NO...
OHHS-SH...



DANZINGER?!
THAT MEANS...
YOU'RE A...A...

GHOUL?!
THAT'S
RIGHT...
DOCTOR!



THERE WAS NO
WAY FOR ME TO
SURGICALLY REPLACE
ALL THE ORGANS THAT
WERE TAKEN FROM
ME, DOCTOR.

BUT NOW
EVERYTHING THAT
WAS TAKEN FROM
ME IS AGAIN
MINE...!

? URPI?

THE
(CHOKES)
END



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